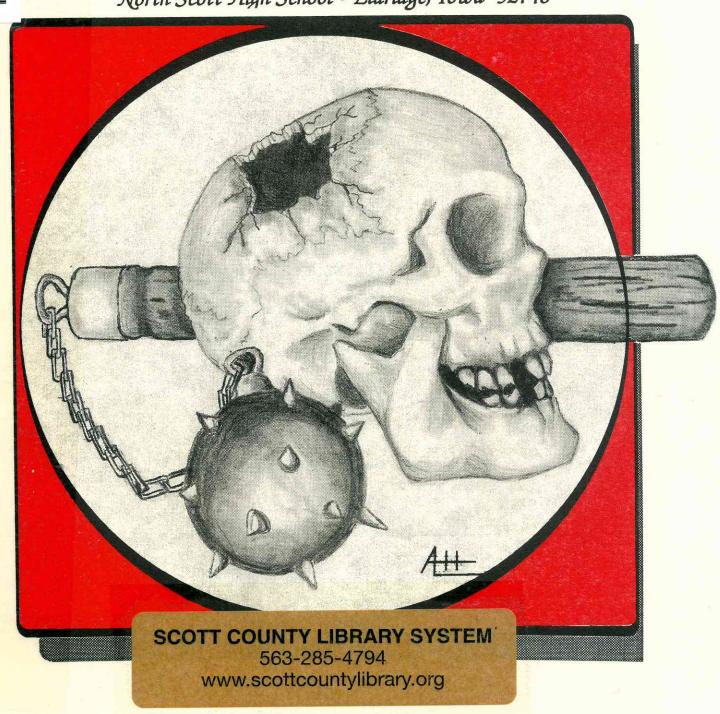


MORNING STAR

Volume 10 1992-1993 North Scott High School - Eldridge, Iowa 52748



MORNING STAR

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Morning Star...

is the name of a medival weapon, but the term also signifies the awakneing spirit and potential of young artists and writers at North Scott. This special Tenth Anniversary Issue is a collection of creative student expression and it joins the Lance, the school newspaper, and the Shield, the yearbook, as productions of the North Scott High School Language Arts Department.

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Tunnels

The light at the end of the tunnel
A fragment of thought
A comparisonbeginning to end
end of beginning
Embark on a journey
Entrance into the mind
The mind is your tunnel,

Where you start
Where you end
The tunnel is your own.
Your light at the end of the tunnel
is what you make it.
If you take it for granted
The light will dim
If you let it go
The tunnel disappears.
It serves you.
Serve it.

The journey ends.

--Amanda Orris, '93

Through the tunnel of life I roam, through the unexplained, the unknown.

Life's little mysteries, all trapped inside, waiting for me, on the other side.

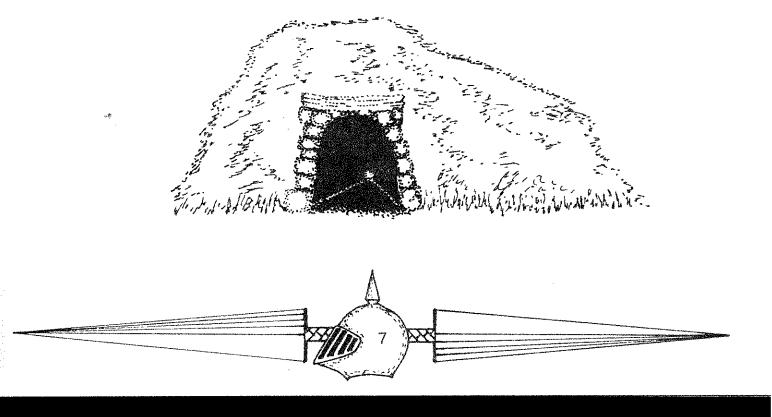
The bright light, I can see ahead, a symbol of the forthcoming, of the end.

-- Angie Tague, '95

Tunnels

Which is the beginning, which is the end?
Where is my enemy, where is my friend?
What am I doing?
Where can I hide,
from this tunnel of emotion that traps me inside?
My paths are both lightened,
but yet I can't see.
I'm stuck here for eternity.
I love, I hate,
I laugh, I cry,
and somewhere in the midst of it I ask why
I exist in my thoughts,
but not in my dreams.
My life is a tunnel, or sometimes it seems.

-- Kelli Hammes, '93



Not all tunnels have a light at the end.

A black hole darker than night.

A moonless sky that sheds no light.

But onward I go.

Trudging...fallen...crawling, and lo

There is no end.

Infinite turns, and my soul burns.

Countless miles, only a fool smiles.

There is no end at all.

No, there is no end at all, not to this tunnel.

My friend.

--Andrew Heidgerken, '94

The Tunnel

At the end of a long, dark tunnel, You see a small bright light, Walking, forever walking, Just beyond your sight.

An endless journey, Taking it's toll, Follow a path, Find the goal.

Someday you'll see When life reaches its end, That bright shining light After going 'round the bend.

--Sara Smith, '94

As I See It

Smell

Smell is pleasant,
though also repelling,
the sweet smell of the roses
along the garden,
Or the stench of the oozing garbage
covered with flies.
Smell is wonderful,
though also horrible.
The aroma from the kitchen on Christmas
of the goose cooking,
Or the smell of a freshly run over skunk
on the highway.
Smell is not always an attractive sense,
if you didn't have a nose you really wouldn't know.

-- Joe Schoenthaler, '93

Road Kill

As I travel winter nights, Not knowing what to know, I see a cat come into sight, Outside my foggy window.

The horn did honk, The lights did blaze, I heard a thunk, Its blood did rain.

The cat's now dead, It's all my fault, I smashed its head, And I came to a hault.

I picked it up, I set it aside, And I went home, Because I was still alive...

-- Don Anderson, '94

```
Feelings of BIG and small.

As I walk a

r

o

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d

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h

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dog and giraffe,

The giraffe bends

d

o

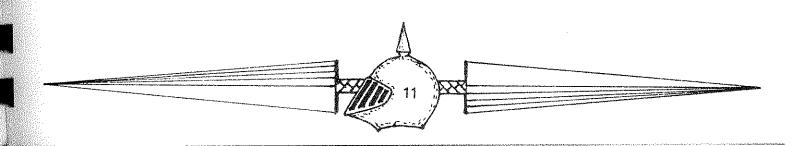
w

n

to NUDGE the dog.
to bite the giraffe's nose.
p

And the dog looks

--Kevin Meinert, '94
```



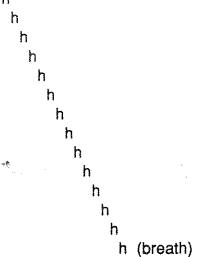
Dirt

```
Why does taste
        dirt
               $O
                  bad?
Could it be the
           dead
               and
                  decaying
                         organisms?
Or maybe it's
                 ina i frn fr.
                   dfeetom
          nutrients
I think it's the
          feces
              from
                 the dogs
                        next
                            door.
```

-- Joe Schoenthaler, '93



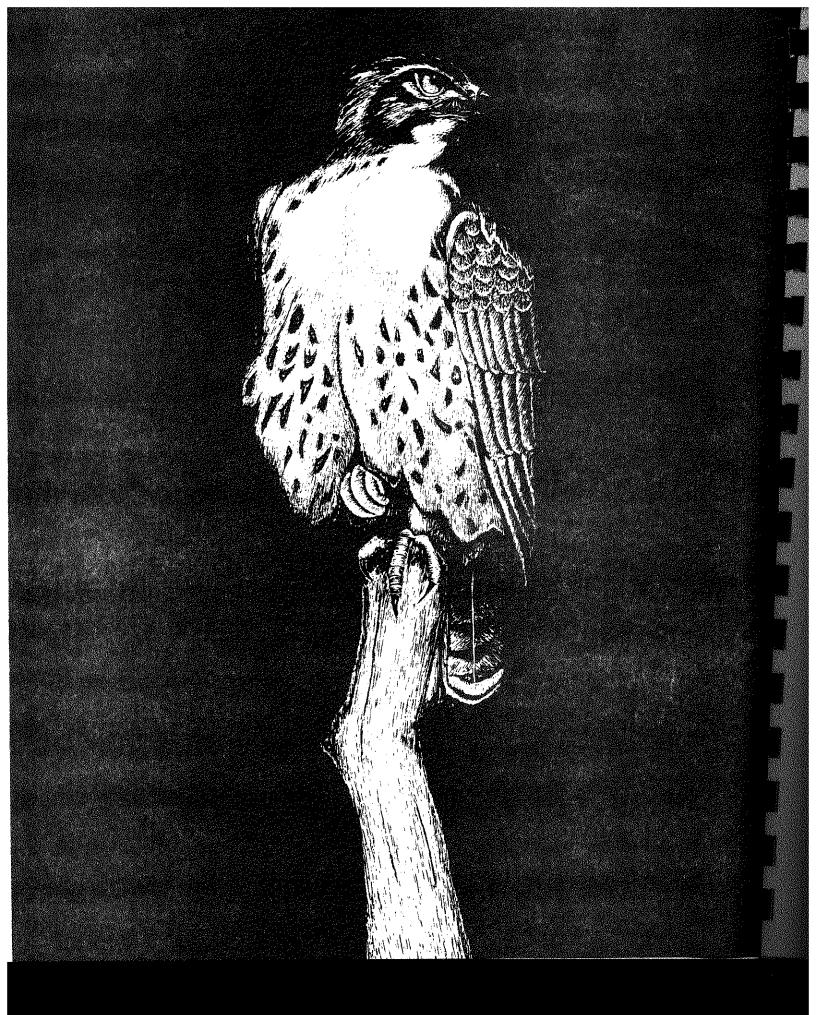
h h h h h h h h h h h (breath) hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh h h h h



hhhh!
When he hit his head on the ceiling.

--Mike Nagel, '94





My Heart You Make

What Love Means to Me

As I sit behind closed doors My lover sleeps near the river shore,

Concentrate and it will come, A vision of her sweet and plum,

> It is her that I love, From here to there, I love her anywhere,

Cuddled up next to her, My world is perfect and free from all,

She brings that extra warmth and cheer, That causes my eyes to shed a tear, A tear that falls to the ground so light, That sends a spark throughout the night,

My heart now has a reason to pump, My legs now a reason to jump,

> My pain is gone, With her by my side, I feel not alone,

She brings about a change of pace, A smile forms from this once miserable face,

I have feelings for her so much, I send them out for her to touch,

She grabs them tight in her heart, It would take a force so very strong, To tear us apart.

This is what love means to me!

--Paul Sager, '93

My Love for Him...

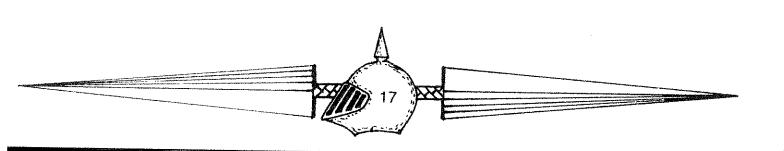
I see him standing there smiling at me. It brings a joyful feeling into my heart. I know he is the one for me. He's so sweet and so smart. I love spending my time with him. He brings great comfort to me. And if he weren't around, my life would be empty. He is there for me when I need a shoulder to cry on. He is someone I can always rely on. I never have felt as much love for anyone else. I love him as much as life itself.

-- Arminda Spotts, '93

The One For Me...

When I met him, I thought he wasn't the one for me. I thought that it wasn't to be.
I was proved wrong,
as our love for each other grew strong.
It's strange how life comes and goes,
the chances you take, the chances you blow.
Well I took the chance, and he turned out to be,
the best thing that has even happened to me.

-- Arminda Spotts, '93



New Love...

is like a dove, the way you feel as if you are soaring through the air.

The pitter-patter of your heart when he walks your way.

When the whole world seems to look at you and smile.

It feels like laughter warming your insides.

Giggling,
flirting,
exciting,
nerve wrecking,
energetic,
New Love.

--Christie Spohn, '94



Assurance

When I see you my stomach drops to a point it's never reached before. A warmth I feel throughout my body. A peace I feel when I touch your hand, your face, your lips. All I want is an assurance you'll never leave my side. Whether in physical means or just in thought.

-- John Lafferty, '93

Walking Together

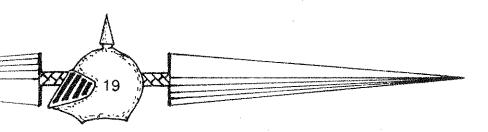
We walked hand in hand down the crowded street. Neither of us spoke a word, but we both knew what the other was thinking. Electricity was shooting from one of us to the other through our touching fingertips. Our hearts skipped a beat when we looked into each other's eves. I loved him and he loved me, but we showed it in actions, not words. Talking wasn't necessay when we felt that way about each other. As he touched my face to brush my hair away, I melted in his arms. As he leaned over to kiss me, my heart pounded so hard my chest hurt. We walked on, hand in hand, me and my best friend.

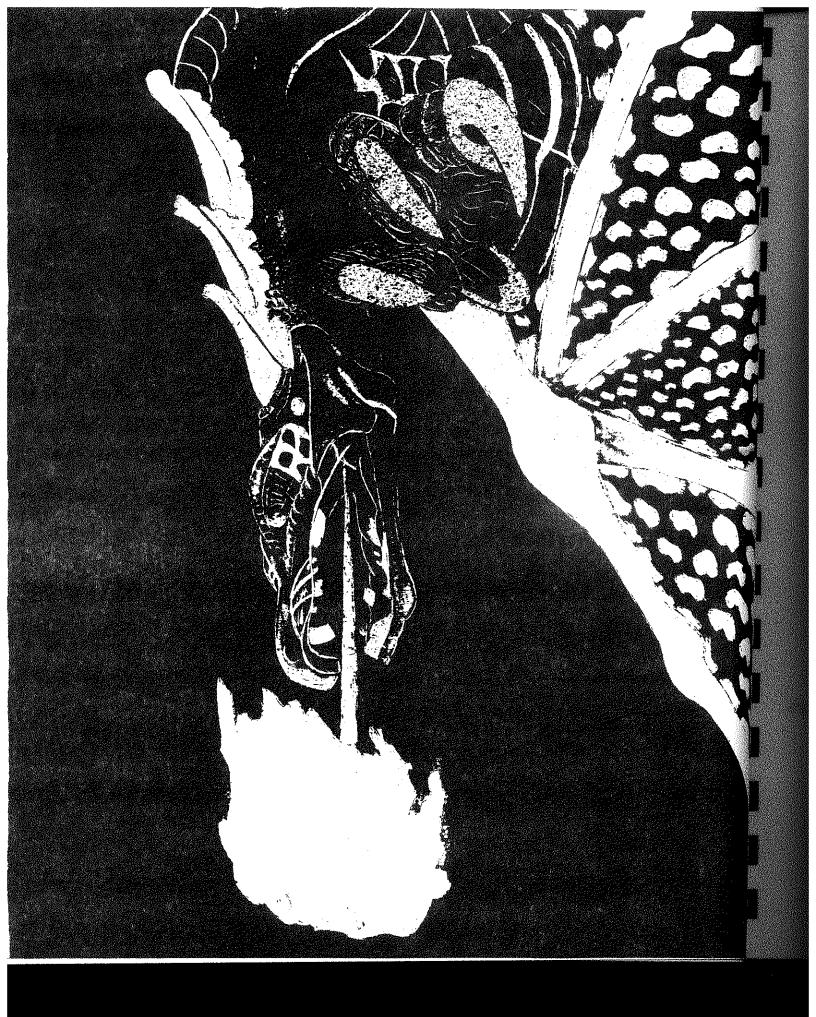
-- Courtney Gilkison, '95

Feel the Breeze

The summer breeze blows through my mind I think of times gone by
The loves I've loved the loves now lost
The love of a simpler life
My dreams are gone my faith hath died
My heart in torment lives
But with your love I'll carry on
So as you see me sitting here
-thinking my own thoughts
Ask me not what is wrong
Sit near me and feel the summer breeze

-- Christian Scott, '93





My Heart You Break

I walk along these lonely streets with memories of the past.
Two years wasted, and now you're gone. The time just went too fast.

I've carried on, and fell apart, neither one did any good. Now it's time for starting over if I only thought I could.

You don't know what you got, they say, until you're left behind.
And the mistakes you made yesterday are those you can't rewind.

So use your head before your heart, Don't let your mind astray. Your new found love that "loves you back" may someday turn away.

--Becky Quinn, '94

Questions of Love

Sometimes I feel so lonely,
And have no reason why.
But then the void in which your absence had created,
had become obvious.
Becoming more obvious with each passing day.
Yet realizing that my cries of loneliness contain small, salty teas
Which, might seem minute to this sea of emotions.
Though loneliness is tricky,
Among many other things.
It strikes you when you are down,
And when your last wind is gone.
When you think you can't proceed to the next day,
Without the one you love...

--Brian Stevens, '96

Old wounds are long to heal the blood that once ebbed out of them is not soon forgotten.

As you caressed my heart with words of love finding the tenderness within. The time we spent, the very hours of my life, the things you said, the things we did, a love that had to be. But out of the shadows slipped a knife, I don't even know his name. He turned your heart, you twisted mine. The pain, the anguish there for all to see. I asked your help, I asked you why. You laughed as I cried as the blood dripped from our love that tore my heart in two. You wiped your hands of my love and tried to take yours back but that love is stained a crimson red of your sweet lips and my warm blood. (Enraged you were when you saw that stain, the stain of our love's blood.) And always will you carry that stain and always will the scar remain on my once soft heart that loved you so that you tore open wide so long ago. And now that heart had turned to stone. It's cold as ice and chills my bones to make me cruei. It makes me sad to think of the jewel that I once had to hear the bells, to hear the chimes, to make me yours, to make you mine. Instead I'll weep, 'till the end of time for another love of a truer kind.

--Christian Scott, '93

THE LOST FRIEND

In one's life friends come and go.
Friends appear and disappear.
Friends are the special individuals you can depend on, love, and share a special bond with.
Friends don't give up, they keep trying.
Friends are meant to bring out the special inner qualities of an individual.

Friends trust, believe and care about each other.
Friends help when help is needed.
Friends are meant to be found, not lost.

-- Michael Pessman, '94

A Heart Needs Love to Live

A falling leaf is like a broken heart It keeps falling, falling, falling until it hits the ground. The wind may pick up the leaf and carry it a while, until it hits the ground again. A broken heart can get back up and fall again, just like a leaf. But one thing about the broken heart is that with the love of another it can always live. But the leaf is dead. It may never get back up again. Without that love, the heart will end up like the leaf, dead. The leaf can go forever, unnoticed, and so can a heart without love.

--Tawnya Hatch, '95

My Own

to see you now is much to bear
to know what we once were
thinking of you
what you meant to me
in yesterday long past
knowing my love was great
hearing you say it small
makes me weep with bitterness
that no other shall ever know
for my love is locked behind it
and it behind my love
so now I go on loving you
but only on my own

-- Christian Scott, '93

The ^{Not} So Perfect Relationship

How could you treat me the way that you did? Who in the hell were you trying to kid?

You used me, you dumped me, had a fling on the side.
And you say that I have something to hide!

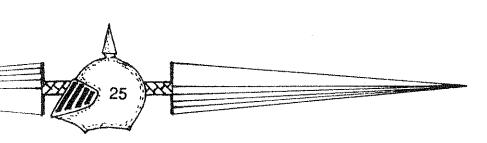
You said some things you'll live to regret.
My trust is something you'll never again get.

We used to be the 'Perfect Pair". Now all I see is hurt and despair.

You've gone away, I've found someone new. Now <u>you're</u> the one who's feeling blue.

You said you loved me, you acted so tough.
Well, baby, sometimes love just ain't enough.

--Courtney Gilkison, '94



The Everlasting Storm

The rain The clouds The storm There is no shelter I begin to walk You are there, but too far to reach I lift my arm toward you You still walk on. I stop. Realizing you must go on without me. The path for me ends there, I sit in the rain and cry. You turn, noticing my tears, But your path leads you on. You leave me in the rain, My tears slowly becoming part of the storm. I sit alone for a long time, The rain still pouring down. You have left me with nothing. My heart belongs to you. As I sit alone, I recall those days not so long ago; The days when all I saw were the sunshine and our rainbow. Someday, the clouds will part and the sun will shine once more And our rainbow will spread across the sky, never to leave. When that day comes, you will help me to stand, to laugh, and smile. But until then, the storm will be part of me. Slowly, I will lose all hope And if that "someday" is very far away, I may die without my heart Still loving you.

The Everlasting Storm: The Second Phase

The clouds above me linger.
There is nowhere to turn.
Without you, there is no one.
Someday when the storm has lessened
There may be someone else by my side,
That someone may love me the way you did,
But there will always be the storm inside
And no one could ever take the place you have in my heart.

I may end up being somewhat fond of that someone.

But I could never love that someone the way I love you.

The clouds and the rain are always there.

I sit alone, thinking of that someday when you will come back to me.

You and your love are forever in the midst of the storm,

Lightning lights up my ever dark sky.

I see your face before me in a dream,

You reach out to help me stand,

I try to reach out, but then I wake once more.

Reality makes me see that you are gone forever now,

Because I ruined our rainbow.

I am sorry.

But I suffer as I sit in the storm I have made.

There is no one to shelter me as it rains.

The thunder and the lightning are all I really see or hear,

The rest are memories and dreams.

No one ever told me that love could be this hard,

I knew it wasn't easy but the storm shows all my pain.

Pain and love are all I feel.

The storm will go on and on,

Only you can stop the rain.

If you don't, it may go on, never stopping.

Love alone has been capable of uniting two people in such a way as to complete and fulfill them, for it alone takes them and joins them by what is deepest in themselves.

Take that love away and you are left with nothing,

My heart is still yours.

No one can love someone else when their heart already belongs to someone.

I can only love you.

Whatever it takes, I must try to end the storm.

No one can help me but you,

Just tell me when you are ready to help me and we'll start.

You are the only one, my love

Not anyone, but you.

If you still love me, you will help get through my storm,

All I will ever need is you.

The Everlasting Storm: The Last Phase

As I sit by myself, I recall many things about my life before you Before-I wasn't happy I had always loved the unloving. You taught me so much.

You taught me how to love again after all my pain.

I know now what a wonderful thing I have ruined.

Sorry is never enough.

But wait-

What is this?

I see a figure in the distance

On your path, I see someone coming the way you have gone.

As the figure comes closer, I realize that it is a man

Approaching me, he crosses the distance between our paths.

As the rain still pours steadily,

The mist parts.

It is now that I know who it is:

You

Stopping in front of me,

You reach for my hands.

Slowly, you help me to stand,

Then, lovingly, you put your arms around me in an embrace.

You smile, saying it will be alright.

At that moment, the storm begins to fade .

Moving into the distance, the lightning and thunder start to diminish,

The clouds slowly part, as the days progress,

You are there until the clouds have parted,

The sun shines through on us.

Just as that happens, our rainbow spreads across the sky,

I notice that it is not quite as bright as before.

You tell me that you must go for now,

We walk along on our different paths,

Sometimes we get ahead of each other.

But still in reach.

We stay close

friends forever.

You are there for me when I need to cry,

You say that you still love me,

But every once in a while, I wonder how it would have been.

Sometimes I cry and sometimes I smile,

Most of the time I just wish we could start all over again,

Because I will always love you

And I will never stop, no matter what.

Faith



Under the Light

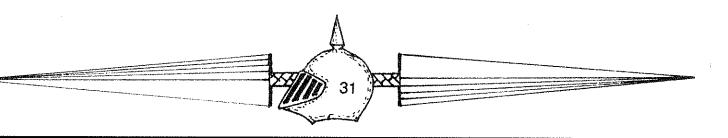
I saw him standing there, watching me from under the light. He knew where I was going, but I did not.
He looked after me, when I needed to be looked after. And guided me on my way.

-- Kristen Smith, '94

Thank-You

You were always there for me, Whether I did right or wrong. You even laughed at my corny jokes, And listened to my sob stories. When I frowned. You were there to help me smile. In sad times I picked up the phone, And you answered right away. On a dark cloudy day, You made the slight sun come out. If I ever needed a wish, You made it come true. Days when I was sick, You helped me feel well again. I don't know what I would have done without you, My friend.

--Christy Friederichs, '96



The Day God Called Him Home

In tears, we watched you suffer, We watched you fade away; Our hearts were nearly broken, You fought so hard to stay.

But when we saw you sleeping, So peaceful, free from pain; We could not wish you back, To suffer that again.

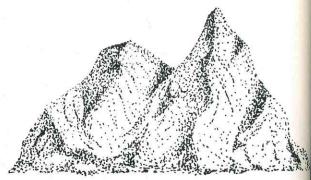
It broke our hearts to lose you, But you did not go alone; For part of us went with you, The day God called you home.

-- Angela Laake, '96

We cannot change yesterday,
that is quite clear.
Nor begin on tomorrow until it is here
So all that is left for you and for me
is to make today as sweet as can be.

-- Rhonda Jones, '93





Thanks

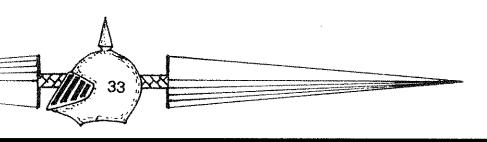
When I was young and my brain was dead your useful words went right over my head. I never took you seriously, I assumed you weren't referring to me. Well, I'm older now and, believe it or not I've realized you actually know a lot. The things you said, they make some sense. It wasn't just coincidence. To tell you the truth, I'm really scared. I'm on my own and not prepared. I should have let you teach to me the things that would have helped me be a better person who knew much more than the one I am-depressed and poor. I only wish you hadn't have passed. There are so many things I wanted to ask. I guess it's too late. Things have changed. You've moved on. It's all my own fault that my life's a sad song. There was one important thing I wanted to say before you, father, had passed away. I'm ashamed of myself, and all you went through! You tried hard to help me, Dad, and I thank you.

-- Kelli Hammes, '93

Death

In the end, God is there.
He leads you to his heaven.
He comforts your people.
He brings peace.
You are not truly gone.
We will always remember.
You no longer see,
But there is still beauty.
You don't hear,
But there's still music.
You are at peace.
And beauty and music
Surround you.
God will care for all.

--Lynn Voekel, '93



A Tribute to a Perfect Teacher

Argumentative, Neanderthaler minds, Gain, Intelligence.

Sleepy now, Are his toes, Resting there, Awful and gross.

Even though he was away, On a personal day, Watching F.B., On T.V.

Going away Leaving us to stay, With a sub, Whom we shall dub, Mrs. D.

(A creation during an amusing and enlightening movie that doesn't even relate to the chapter we are studying.)

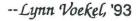
-- Sara Smith, '94, and Angie Tague, '95

Words to Live By



The Meaning of Life

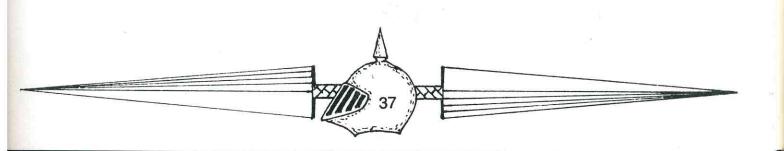
Life is but one thing.
It occurs solely for our sake.
I know that I live,
Because I have experienced it.
Humankind knows this thing.
All have possesed it in someway.
This thing is, simply, love.





Race,
doesn't matter,
we are all the same inside.
Hands joined together,
Red, black, and white.
Why should skin color make a difference?
We could all be friends,
no more fighting against each other,
but helping and partnership,
it will work.
America-stand together,
work together,
party together,
united
as friends.

-- Christie Spohn, '94



The Game

When you start out you're kind of slow, learning to catch and learning to throw. You practice hard from morning to dark, throwing the ball to hit its mark. You work real hard to make the team, and now's your chance to make your dream. When the score is tied and it's up to you, you know that your practice will bring you through. Winning the game may be great, but it's always fun to participate.

--T.J. Case, '94



Awareness

Dreams shattered like a broken mirror.

Hope crushed and thrown aside.

Life cut short it isn't worth it.

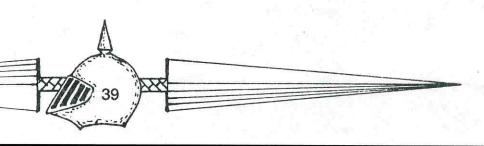
Don't let the important things slip away.

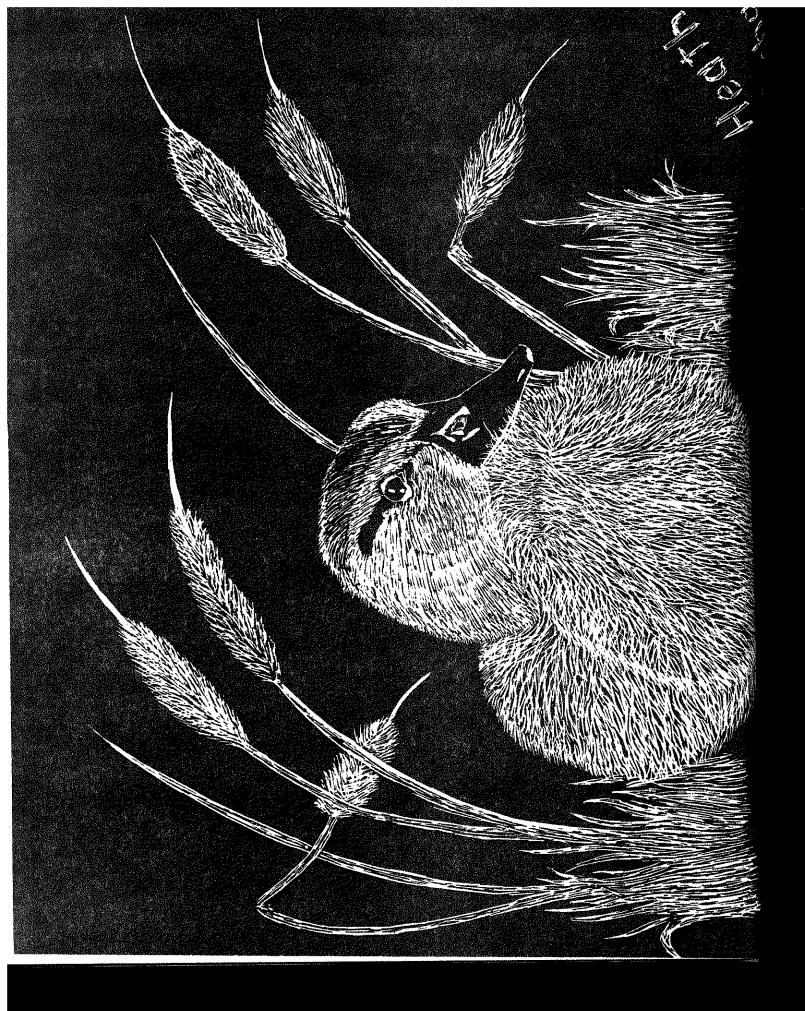
AIDS. Be safe... and live.

-- Courtney Gilkison, '95

Motives, obvious as they may seem, are always unexpected and hidden. If truth was a preface to motives. these motives would never exist. Sitting on a fence, neither foot on either side leads to confusion and aggresive behavior. Never lead on hopes and dreams which one dwells to become the truth. If the motive to see the other side is what's intriguing you, truth should have been your motive. I hate knowing I was the pawn in a one colored chess game. My eyes were blinded by your motives, when my motives were to please only you.

--John Lafferty, '93



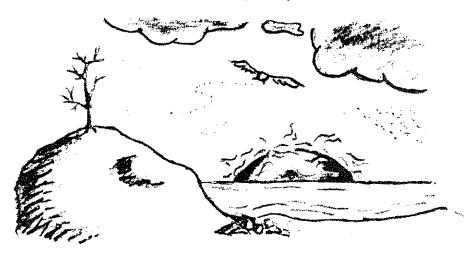


What a Wonderful World

As the rising sun Comes up over the horizon The sound of the hoofbeats echoes all around the mountain

The echoes diminish as the evening draws near Softer and softer they get As the sun lowers

-- Amanda Stroud, '93



As I look up towards the sky, I see a bird.
Where is it going?
I wonder.

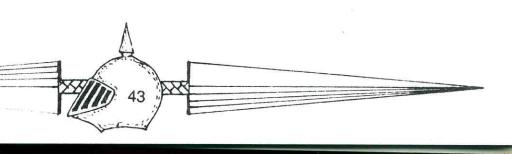
So free it flies, his destination is unknown to me, and maybe even to him.

To where he is flying, I will never know. Maybe someday it will come back and tell me of it's adventures.

--Roxanne Mess, '94

What a Beautiful Day it is!

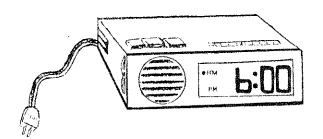
```
rose as
               sun
       orange
The big
       the birds chirped in the trees.
                                                  is cloudless,
                           when the big, blue sky
Morning is always beautiful
           And noon is the midpoint of the day,
                     is
While the
                       magical with it's mystifying hues,
         evening
And
    then
         the
             sun
                goes
                     down
                                    stars.
                           gleaming
                    full of
           dark sky
         a
  reveal
To
-- Sunnie McCollam, '94
```



Dawn

Wake to the sound, A faint humming. The grey light glows softly from my window. The drops of dew silently run down the pane of glass. Far away in the distance I can hear the musical chorus of nature and it brings a smile to my lips. Although the grey light is changing to rose, I snuggle down deeper into the warmth of my bed. The mountain of covers enfold me completely. In this heaven there is no pressure, only comfort and security. I enjoy this contentment. The light changes from rose to a blending white, and I hear the dreaded evil shriek: "Wake up, it's time for school!" With a weak voice of despair, I slowly close my eyes too heavy and answer: "Ten more minutes."

--Megan Arensdorf, '94



Memories

Seems like summer was just yesterday, When grass was green and birds were singing. Everyone was happy and full of life.

With autumn came bright colors, Of leaves falling and crops being harvested. Where wass the time going?

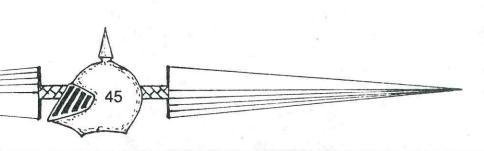
Now when I look back, I see all of my memories, And I think, winter is not far.

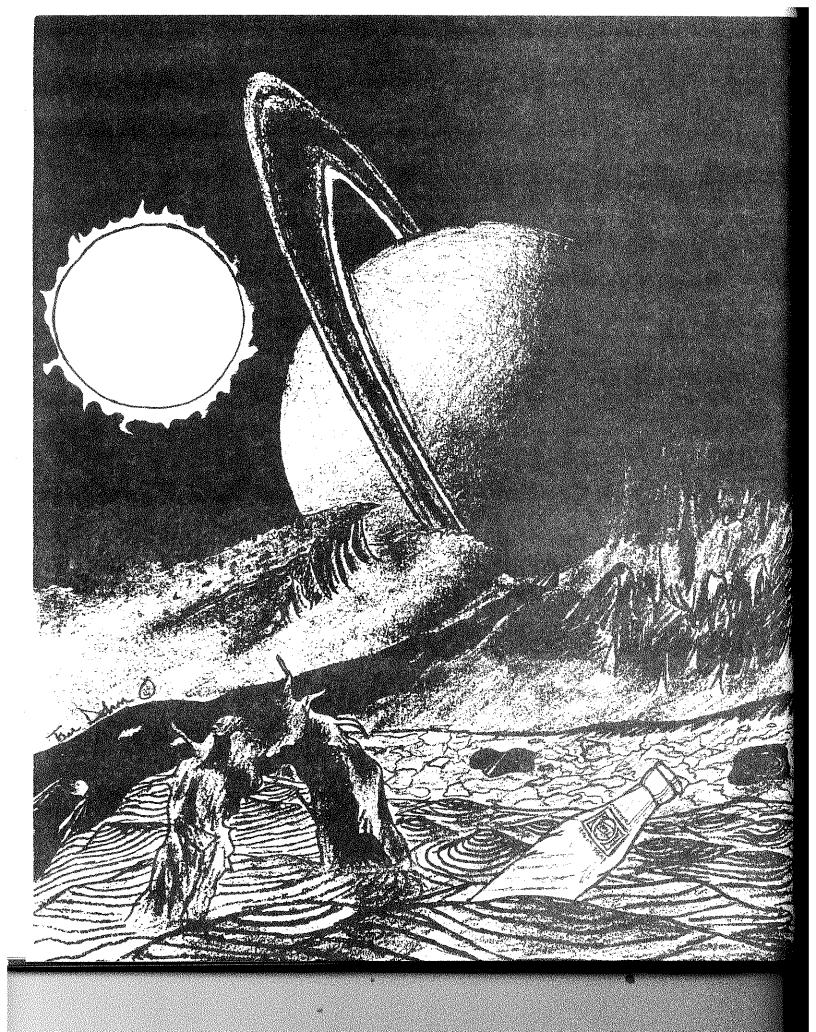
-- Roxanne Mess, '94

Winter's Path

When leaves of fall come gently down
I thought of summer's warmth
The long cool nights
The long hot days
that were filled with your love's glow
but the season's wind to winter's path
to feel its cold and blustery wrath
and all that's left to me is snow.

--Christian Scott, '93





Going to Extremes



So you want to live. So you want people to care. It's all a lie. Life's one big lie, one big phase we all have to live through. Some are sentenced to death, some are sentenced to live. Doomed to live. Doomed to worry needlessly about death. Doomed to remember the past.

I know you'll have a beautiful death. Roses and flowers you never got to see, experience. I know you will finally look beautiful. White tinged blood red. Finally at peace with yourself with the world's memories saved for another time, for someone else to deal with. Nobody telling you that you have to suffer and live now. It's all over. Words speak after past reflects what you have done.

Nothing in the eyes of the spirit. It doesn't recognize the withered state your soul has become during life. Hidden inside while the flesh corrupts. The people corrupt. Speak once more, one last confession. One last whithering kiss before you are saved. Paint your lips black and fit in with the crowd. Will they accept a dead person? Sure, they're already gone. Already soul dead. Like you.

You needn't worry what they say about you. You already say it to yourself.

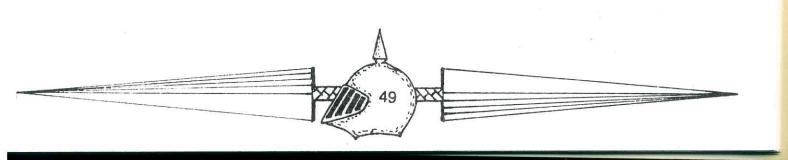
You like to think of yourself as ahead of the game. Drugs are only the catalyst for catastrophy. You know that, everybody knows that. Let the soul speak. Run with the night and let the feeling take over, the neon dead against the flashing sky.

Will you run? Sometimes you have to kill. Sometimes you want to murder. Sometimes you want to break all that you've built. All in the name of frustration. You talk, but don't understand what you're saying. They seem to understand, so you don't stop. Somebody slips you a joint. You smoke and laugh, everything's just keen in the eyes of the Lord. The Lord, who's that? You laugh some more, the smoke making you giddy. You wish you were trash, blowing around town to town. Sticking to different people's shoes. Getting cursed at as you blow into a Seattle home and onto somebody's leg. But the moon has risen and thoughts are elsewhere besides trash. You're speaking to it, but you can relate to anything since you are neutral dirt. You stomp out your smoke and watch the glowing embers fade onto the broken asphalt.

Somewhere incense is burning.

You don't feel like anything except a criminal. Willing to kill for thrills, but you don't. You're an average middle crazy psycho. Hair blows in the breeze. You pull your coat tighter over your blood. The smell of burnt tobacco stuck to your hair, reminding you of wild nights and crazy dreams. You're done B.S.'ing with the other people. Let's kill. In a sense you kill the memories by replacing them with new memories to get rid of. Nice cycle, isn't it? Nice car, isn't that?

-- Audra Madden, '93



When there is no need.
Cry when there is no tears.
Welcome to the first verse of tears.
I'm trapped in a world of happy madness,
the pain of the ultimatum of tomorrow.
If you can't hear, why can you see?
If you are blind, why can't you hear
me?

I am the one who stands in the corner alone in the sadness of tomorrow's tears.

'Listen' says the small boy to the story of life.

The deepness of the crying like the darkness of the night

hold tight onto the nothing of everything.

I yell when I am quiet,

I stomp when I am proud.

Screams of the unanswered

as the wheel goes round.

Things are starting to pull together yet you are so far away.

Cry does the mouse in the land of giants;

"Do I have to stay?"

Welcome are the wounds from hell with no regression of the tomorrow, the pain, the grief, the happiness stolen from all of the sorrow.

Cry I will.

Who will listen?

The bird of prey?

No remorse

No tears

No laughter

but the pain of today.

Hope is absolute,

destitution is on the horizon.

Pray will you? Pray I say,

but your dirt will not grow.

The knowledge of nothing is plentiful

in the day of the age.

The clock must tick, your brain must think but it is unwelcomed.



Here comes smiles.

They hurt your pride so you start to stutter:

"Fist on fist, muscle to muscle the challenge you must succeed."

The challenge of the emptiness which lies in your gut waiting for the heart to give in.

The wind blows down your neck,

chill up your spine,

darkness you can never forget and neither will

-

You alone coldness love
The things which remain mysterious
are the ones everyone might know
When hopes cry remorse,
where are the heroes?
Thunder is heard,
pounding of the heart.
Today is tomorrow.
Fear of the nothingness
is where love starts.

-- Herb Sawyer, '94



I Am Cold

Snow struggles, tightening its frozen grip, riding high upon the barren branches. The wind, its adversary, wrestles to pull free the delicate flakes. I realize--

I am cold

Sunglare. Snowblind. I can no longer see. But what's to see? This hazy white prison that surrounds me. Entraps me. Commands my every sense, all that I feel. I shiver--

I am cold

What force compels me? I know not. Constantly moving through the white fog of my breath. It assures me that I am still alive. How else could I be sure? I am sure.

I am cold

I look into the storm. Blinding, frightening. I stand up to the storm, face the storm. I know now it will win. It will overcome my precious life. There is no other outcome.

I am cold

My body slowly fades away. My hands--the grayish undertones--they are dead. Lost to me. Useless tools. My feet--gone as well. Are my ears gone? I am not sure.

am cold

I walk, no longer thinking, I walk, no longer feeling, I walk, no longer hoping, I walk, no longer struggling, I fall, sinking down into the hungry snow.

I am cold

It is done. The triumphant storm howls increasingly louder above me, furious, then tapers off into nothingness. Black replaces the whiteness. I close my eyes...

The cold fades as well.

-- Tom Dohrn, '93

Secret Obsession

He was an artist, one of the flesh, his secret obsession, the creation of death.

Hung upon the walls, in his gallery so neatly, were those whom he killed, with innocence, discreetly.

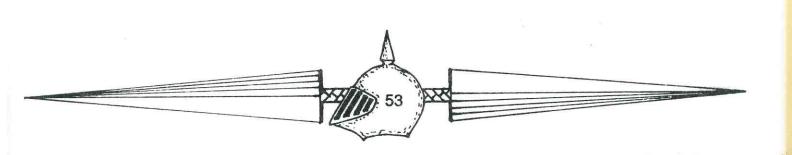
A pierce of the knife, into their flesh, a creation of art, an artist obsessed.

-- Angie Tague, 95

In The Night

I gaze at the vast blackness with tiny diamonds sparkling in the night.
A world of unknown; an aura of destiny.
Here, dreams are alive dancing in the night.
I'll go where you take me if I won't feel pain and sadness.
Lead me onward, to the stars!
To sing my joy, dance my dream in the night.

-- Kendra Ganzer, '93





Sad

Oceans of night flood into my eyes,
Shadows of light leap from distance
Calling to emotions of confusion and fear.
Feelings echo within rising pandemonium,
And I think of the screamng field mouse
Sleeping in the cold wet grass
The dark tree looming overhead
And shadows wince at the chaos of the mouse.

Cool winds force their way through the shadows Walking over them to linger around the mouse, Making it shiver uncontrollably.

They climb to the top of the tree Pulling a solitary leaf from its branch. It falls to the saddness in the grass Warming the trembling noise with its leafy comfort Calming it without effort until the wind comes again, Bringing shivers and memories of the bird.

-- Kevin Meinert, '94



Just a thought



In this world of dazed confusion,
a blind man with a cane of ice,
leads me on this flowery
trail.
His hand trembles

His hand trembles
from the cold, but
never do they dare to lose
their grasp.
For this is his key to his
direction.

I follow with a hopefulness of impatience. He trips, falls, and trembles along his steps but denies my fearable attempt of rescue.

At last the flowers are gone and puddles of sweet nectar are our common obstacles.

The blind man eludes each with every step taken.
Myself, a misfit of consciousness, stumbles twice or thrice through a few.

Editor's
Choice!

As we reach the foot of the towering mountains
I realize this journey had made for quite the trip.
He sets his weary body

He sets his weary body against a boulder and closes his eyes.

The ice cane, which for all this time had been

melted.

those eyes,

The pool which now formed at his feet seemed to glow, as if it too had a mind and spirit all its own.

As I drew near to my guide I noticed his face held a grin.

I kneeled down to his side and washed my hands in the pool of living water.

-- John Lafferty, '93



What do you call obscene?
Opinions that may be radical
-or just different.
Pictures you don't like.
Pictures you don't want.
Images you are afraid of.
Freedom is raped of all
meaning.
Ideas are ignored.
You don't agree with them.
You decide to censor,
to judge,
to pronounce one
artist's interpretation
of life.

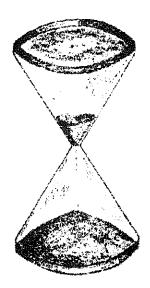
Hourglass

An hourglass held my fate and future.
As the sands turned to falling
gold particles,
I know my past was worth it's living.
Only now the ever so horizontal
latter, became vertical, and
climb I did.

The endless top was where
I now rest
with a hope for tommorrow and the future
of my children's children.
Too bad the glass
broke, and
the gold fertilized
my flowers.

..John Lafferty, '93

--April Barber, ' 94



A time once was in memories past. Young eyes perceived this world so vast. A lifetime ahead yet worlds behind, discoveries of the simplest kind. Wonder, amazement in everything. the simple joy that life can bring. Nothing does fail to entertain. Curiosity, the lessons gained. But young eyes grow, uniqueness fades, a stranger now to carefree days. Once virgin to life, now constant routine. The child-hidden. no longer seen.

-- Tom Dohrn, '93

To Love and Live

A story of a young boy is my first thought when it comes to love.

His love was a fish.

Everyday when he returned from school his time was spent by a small brook that ran out back of his home.

He gathered all his tools necessary for his task, Then he proceeded on his way.

The path to get to this brook was long and a very uneasy trail. Yet he plunged forward to seek his true love.

When he arrived at the spot he had trekked to many a time before, he sat and let out a sigh.

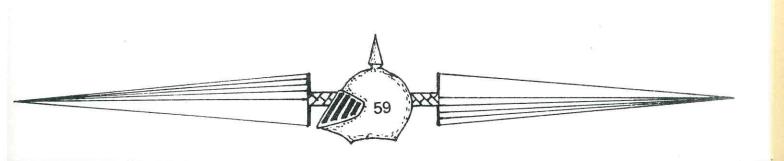
This is the spot where he could make dreams happen for himself.

When the first hook touched the water, then there was peace.

The boy waited for his true love to begin it's most intimate moment.

The moment at which the fish would snag and his heart would fill with joy.

-- John Lafferty, '93



Facing the Inevitable

How should one feel, when we know our own fate? An inevitable future, with despair and hate. Nothing's wrong now, so why beg for change? It may not last long, but the effect will remain. Why should we pay, for others who don't try? We'll feel the pain, and our dreams will slip by. Yet, there's a short while to live, prosper, and dream. But after that time, it can never be redeemed. So thanks to all who didn't seem to care. For they can't fool your hearts, but they did fool your ears.

-- Ryan Betts, '94

Time

When it is night, it is not day, When it is day, it is not night,

When it is midday it's neither; it's in the middle.

But is night in between day and midday, Or is day in between night and midday,

Or maybe,

Just maybe,

Midday is between now and forever.

-- Don Anderson, '94

Questions

Questions are asked by all types of people.

Good questions are asked by People who want to know answers.

Stupid questions are asked by People who want to know why.

And dumb questions are, Questions that are not asked.

-- Andy Brus, '93

Answers

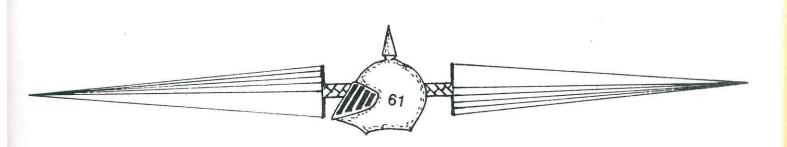
Answers are not always given by everyone.

Some answers are easy, So everybody knows them.

Some answers are difficult, Only a few may know them.

But the people who think they know them all, Usually know the least.

--Andy Brus, '93



Long Ago and Far Away

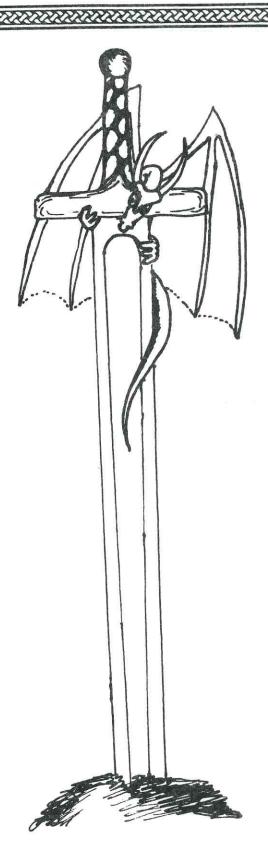
Dragons played Magicians "majiked' Spells cast Rules broken Long ago and far away.

Knights fought
Damsels distressed
Villages plundered
Riches exchanged
Long ago and far away.

Perilous quests
Unknown wonders
Fatal disasters
King's commands
Long ago and far away.

Differences noticed
Changes made
New advances
Lives reformed
Long ago and far away.

--Sara Smith, '94



FANTASIA a.k.a ILLAUDABLE & BANAL

Bring the grapes.
I see the red curtains blowing.
He screams with frustration.
The sun clouds his hearing.
With horrible strength the fog suffocates.
But they like the quilt because it has yellow polk-a-dots.

-- Lynn Voekel, '93

I fear for my mind's free will And ability to respond to the beauty that others produce.

Because neither a desire of expression
Or a thought of great importance
prods my creativity

Rather it is the educator's

Desire to pluck at my thoughts

and judge them.

-- Mike Nagel, '94

The Man in the Park

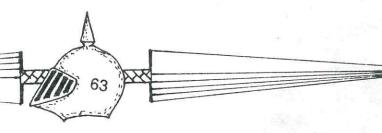
I noticed him walking in the park, Walking in the grass, I noticed him before he noticed me Then he smiled at me as he passed.

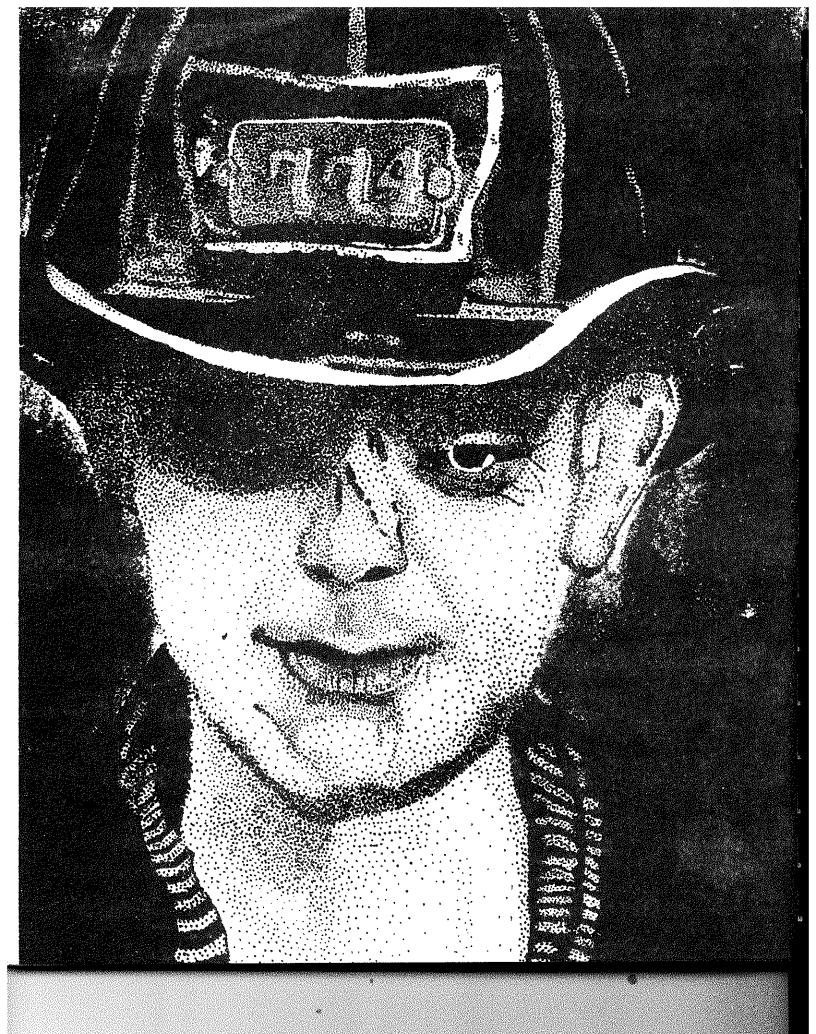
This man has weathered, grown old with years, His hair has turned to gray. It's amazing the peace that's throughout his soul As he walks through the park today.

He has no fear for what's to come, No shame for what has gone. All he holds is pride for himself And the cane he's leaning on.

As I watch this man walk through the trees I realize I'm living in the dark,
For I have not near as much a life
As this old man in the park.

-- Kelli Hammes, '93





The End

Road to Nowhere

knowing not where to go?

Have you ever walked down a road,

Just walking and talking, to no one at all. Or stopping and watching a tree letting its leaves fall. Sitting by a pool of water, I go into a trance. Watching the tiny waves made by a fellow leaf. The shimmer and glimmer of the sunlight, so very blinding. The road to nowhere may not always be nowhere. It may soon be somewhere. A mall or housing development, it doesn't matter which. The earth movers, trucks, and chainsaws roam this land. Scraping and scarring our mother of nature. Where must this road go? Why must this road go?

you have done.
Stare at the parade of faces-blur as I see you follow down. float run death follows us like a shadow.
Look at me without a tear, I don't want to see anything.

I look at what

-- Joe Schoenthaler, '93

As the time draws near
The dark closes in.
There is a moment of
Strength
And then...
there is
Nothing.

-- Amanda Stroud, '93

-- Audra Madden, '93

Day of Doom

I sit alone in a cold dark room, For this is the day of doom.

Soldiers fight, earthquakes rumble, For this is the day of doom.

Governments corrupt, drive-bys go on, For this is the day of doom.

People are hungry, children cry, For this is the day of doom.

I sit alone in a cold, dark room, For this is the day of doom.

-- Andrea Anderson, '95

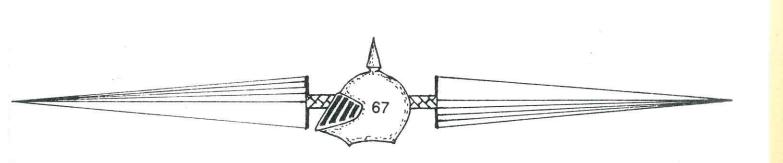
The end is near Look around you and you will see The signs of termination

> Hunger Death

Extinction of our creatures

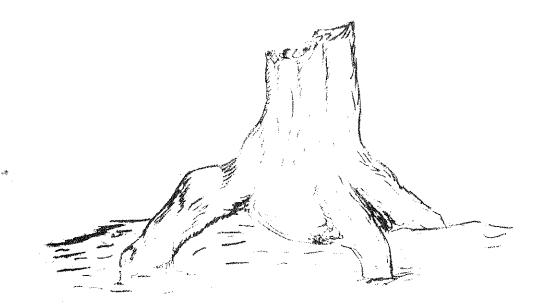
The time has come
For us to open our eyes
And do something about all these
Forms of brutal destruction
Before it's too late.

-- Sunnie McCollam, '94



We, people of this Earth, must love destruction For we murder our own land With chemicals that harm mankind. And we pollute our air we are to breathe. Our once sparkling waters are now black Muddy Puddles full of dead fish. Why are there warning aboout skin cancer? Because, my friends, the ozone is deteriorating And the ultraviolet content of the sun is high. What's done can never be repaired. So if you ever wonder who's fault It is when another rain forest is burned Or another animal has gone extinct, Or the smog in the big cities is too thick to see through, Or there are warnings about being in our oceans, Take a look at ourselves, the human population.

-- Sunnie McCollam, '94



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